

his face, and he glared at his benefactress.

"Blame you," he exclaimed as he picked up a stone, "you get out of here mighty quick. You have bothered me long enough."

Miss Haythorne fled in terror. She returned to the State's Attorney's office in tears and then Mr. Ramsey was cruel enough to remark:

"Just what I expected."

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

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#### THE VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND CONFERENCE.

The conference of this district has met, transacted its business, closed another page of its history and adjourned. To say that it was the best of all its predecessors would only mean that we are growing in grace, wisdom, intelligence and numbers. To say that we enjoyed it immensely would only mean that with each repetition of the feasts at the Father's table our relish of its dainties increases.

The people of New Market, where the conference was held, simply captured us bodily with the boundless hospitality that they laid at our feet without money or price. Their spacious houses and hearts were thrown wide open and we were asked to walk in and help ourselves, and we accepted the invitation.

The personnel of the conference was especially interesting. Elder A. D. Gnagey, editor of the EVANGELIST, polished, dignified, enlivened us with sage counsel, sermon replete with richest illustrations and testimony and research.

The thunderbolt of war, I. D. Bowman, of Philadelphia, was there, unanimously with a vengeance on Satanic wiles and schemes in whatever guise they appear.

Henry Wise, State Evangelist for Pennsylvania, was all over the conference with benignant smiles and Wise counsel and sermon strong enough to knock a pillar or two from under Satan's temple.

Brother Cassel, of Philadelphia and Ashland, and all over the brotherhood—the mercurial Cassel—was there, and the only pity is that there is not a dozen of him all at once. Why, bless your dear hearts, brethren, five such men in each congregation of the brotherhood would drive the whole devilish host out of the earth in a generation. No wonder Bowman blandly smiles as he looks out of the corner of his eye at him and tells how they are turning a big part of Pennsylvania upside down.

And then Washington City sent us a little giant in spiritual power, brother W. M. Lyon, head of the latest born into the family of Progressive congregations. The wings of the nestling are yet damp with

the fresh dew of its flight from stagnant pools of tradition, yet it shows the maturity of ripening time. We were so glad of their coming that we just threw our arms around them and hugged and kissed them (metaphorically, you know,) to our heart's content. Come on, you worried lambs of the dry pastures, and we will feed you God's pure bread and milk.

Of course "Man" Shaver was there—that terror of sham and false religion. Elder E. B. is almost the whole conference. Should he go back to the old nest what *would* we do? I know a few people who would be awful glad if he would keep his mouth shut, but you know "Man" is not made that way. Oh, what a multitude are awaiting his coming to the open gates of pearl and who will follow him there, and then think what a crown the righteous Judge is fixing for him! "Take heed, brother, lest some man will get your crown."

Oh, I can not tell of them all, there were so many, thank the Lord. The Copp's, the Wisman's, the Bowman's, the Fultz's, the Wine's, and a host of others who will one day shine as the stars of the firmament.

Reader, did you ever hear J. M. Bowman sing, and draw from the organ such heavenly music that angels would stop to listen? Just such music makes places heavenly in Christ Jesus.

And there was Hammer, the conference secretary, from Bridgewater. He is a veritable sledge. Bridgewater is next to Arnold's Grove in historic importance in Progressive annals. Five years ago the G. B. special agents, plenipotentiaries, met me there, or rather I met them there, and they served formal notice on me that I was excused. Thanks, brethren. If you lose sight of the battle flag which I carry seek it at the front.

And then the sisters! To write the annals of a Virginia District Conference and not mention them would be treason to fact. While we have bodies to feed and hearts to make glad, and self-complacency to flatten, they will be indispensable. I do not wonder that St. Paul could hardly write a letter without mentioning the sisters. And the old prophets, too, stern as iron though, always had a good word for them. What a blank in the sacred canons would prevail if we had not been told of loyal Sarah, innocent Rebecca, dear Rachael, sweet Ruth, the faithful "great woman" of Sarepta, courageous Deborah, the poor, weak wife of Lot, and so on. And then there are our apostolic sisters—Priscilla, the damsel Rhoda, Tryphena and Tryphora, and Anna the prophetess, and Philip's daughters, and at the head of the long procession of our

immortal women, the blessed Virgin. So the honest chronicler of current events will adorn his page with the deeds of the sisters and mothers of the blessed Lord.

Yes, *our own* sisters at the conference did so much to make it the occasion of great grace to all. A smile to command, or a frown to warn, a word to encourage, a hand to help, and a prayer to strengthen. God's blessing upon them all. All flesh is grass and woman the flower thereof, but it all must fade and pass away.

I would like so much to tell of brother Simon Fogle's deeds of love, but he told me he did not want any commendation. Were it not that I know it would not be especially pleasing to him, I would like to say he was the Gains of the conference and was busy here and there all the time laying up treasure in heaven and stealing the hearts of his brethren and sister guests, and making us wish that the Lord would give us a great multitude of such consecrated workers. I would like to say so much on this line but I defer to his wishes and stop. And such a wife and sister is his loyal help-meet for whom a brilliant crown is awaiting. Happy twain; may heaven's blessing be your everlasting heritage.

I mention in passing our Sister Long—the flower maiden—Sister Good, wife of Dr. Good, whose house was headquarters for the conference magnates; Brother Lawrence, a veritable brand from the burning of a liquid hell; Brother Wine & Company.

The work of the conference was of much consequence to the churches, but as our secretary will send a copy thereof to the EVANGELIST, I forbear minute mention. Its work is done and recorded among the everlasting archives. May wisdom guide us and Omnipotence preserve us to the conference of 1898.

D. C. MOOMAW.

#### PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.

We have been holding forth the word of life for eleven days at Cypher, Bedford county, Pa. This place is on the Broad Top Mountain R. R., that extends from Huntingdon to Cumberland, and is about thirty-three miles from Huntingdon and nine miles from New Enterprise. This is a new place for the Brethren. Brother E. H. Smith had received five into the church here before this meeting began. He erected a tent, began meeting on Saturday night, June 19, and I reinforced him Tuesday, June 22, and stayed until July 3. In eleven days we had twenty-four conversions. Several others were hindered by G. B. opposition.

The spiritual tide was rising rapidly under Brother Smith's preaching, and when